

1476

FACULTY OF MUSIC

presents

**THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
CONCERT CHOIR**

Charles Heffernan, conductor

and

THE UNIVERSITY SINGERS

William Wright, conductor

with members of

The University Wind Ensemble

Edward Johnson Building

Walter Hall

Wednesday, March 30, 1977

8:30 p.m.

PROGRAMME

Regina Coeli

Mozart

Mary Enid Haines - soprano
Donna Hurst - alto
Les Dobbin - tenor
Russell Drago - bass

The Dream of the Rood

Godfrey Ridout

Greg Cross - baritone
The Concert Choir
and Members of
The University Wind Ensemble

INTERMISSION

↑ tape #1

↓ tape #2

Exultate Deo

Scarlatti

Cecilia, Virgin

Peter Phillips

Fine Knacks for Ladies

Dowland

Come again

Dowland

Five German Folk-songs

Brahms

I'd Enter Your Garden
The Fiddler
How Sad Flow the Streams
At Night
A House Stands 'neath the Willows' Shade

Françon vint l'autre jour

Pierre Bonnet

Ce Moys de May

Clement Jannequin

**Er ist's
Mausfallensprüchlein**

Hugo Distler

The University Singers

Father William

Irving Fine

Three Nocturnes

Hildor Lundvik

Flowering Almond Tree

Quiet Rain

Early Spring

Two Spirituals

arr. by Robert Shaw

My God is a Rock

Peter Wall - baritone

Set Down Servant

Lorelyn Horsburgh - alto

Gordon Wright - bass

The Concert Choir

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONCERT CHOIR

Charles Heffernan, *Conductor*

Wendy Lang, *Pianist*

SOPRANO

Colleen Burns
Angela Elster
Carol Essex
Shawna Farrell
Mary Haines
Carolyn Hart
Alison Kenny
Joanne Kolomyjec
Vincea McClelland
Connie Payton
Joanne Rowney
Mita Seetner
Kathy Uyeyama
Ann Yardley

ALTO

Auriel Creighton
Rick Cunningham
Jenny Gobin
Leah Harvey
Wendy Hedderwick
Lorelyn Horsburgh
Donna Hurst
Frances McShane
Ruth Pypier
Jane Smiley
Maryann Van Gennip
Suzanne Vanstone
Irena Welhasch

TENOR

Timothy Cooper
Les Dobbin
Albert Dunn
Ken Hazlett
Robin Ormsby
Rick Phillips
Joe Ringhofer
Randolph Seaby
Wesley Warren

BASS

Chrys Bentley
Allen Booth
Jim Carswell
Sam Castiglione
Gregory Cross
Russell Drago
Don Horsburgh
Robert MacMillan
Peter Oleszkewicz
Juergen Petrenko
Jim Prosser
Norman Reintamm
Blaine Sharpe
Peter Wall
Gordon Wright

THE UNIVERSITY SINGERS

William Wright, *Conductor*

Halyna Mychalczuk, *Pianist*

SOPRANOS

Carol Bailey
Megan Brown
Doreen Chen
Tracey Clarke
Doreen Dyck
Joanne Ezrin
Mary-Anne Haupt
Catherine Haire
Catherine Helwig
Nancy Hughes
Marian Rita Lee
Fern Lindzon
Maryann Lovicsek
Annie Luk
Linda Matthews
Lauren McInnes
Sue McKerron
Kathy Norman
Vicky Northey
Mira Popadic
Carol Ross
Debbie Rutledge
Pat Tabuchi
Cathy Terry
Maureen Thomas
Dunreath Thompson
Laurel Thompson
Senta Todoroff
Diana Wasilenko
Louise Wrazen

ALTO

Nancy Barrington
Jane Beattie
Anita Bendikas
Cathy Dunne
Sue Elliott
Suzanne Harnisch
Elisabeth Karczuga
Jolanta Kazimierzczak
Agnes Kim
Katie Kirkup
Magda Dryt
Patricia Kuschak
Alison Melville
Joanne McBride
Halyna Mychalczuk
Helen Nicholson
Sheena Nykolaiszyn
Linda Piller
Poppy Rowland
Anne Schwerdtfeger
Sandi Shone
Ruth Steinberg
Sheila Stone
Edwina Wong
Marta Wynnickyj

TENOR

Frank Baggetta
Nick Barakett
Timothy Buell
Dion Buhagiar
Danny Eastwood
Don Guinn
Chris Lencki
Dave McCartney
Steve Pinkus
Marc Rajotte
Domenic Sbrocchi
William Teichman
John Torcello
Dean Zimmerman

BASS

Alastair Boyd
Michael Coghlan
Peter Conlon
Stephen Couldridge
Brian Franklin
Doug Friesen
John Gerby
Garth Lambert
John Lowrie
Peter McAllister
John McGuirk
Alexander Nemecek
Peter Schaffter
Paul Sloan
Larry Steinberg
James Wells
Steve Winfield
Gerry van Wyck

The Dream of the Rood was commissioned by the Guelph Spring Festival in 1972 and was first performed by the Bach-Elgar Choir, conducted by Charles Wilson, and the solo was sung by Alan Monk. The instrumental force consists of an orchestra without strings except for double-bass.

The poem is Old English and has sometimes been attributed to either Caedmon (fl. 670) or Cynewulf (late 8th and 9th cent.). Rood is the archaic word for the Cross. As the text shows, the Cross appears to the poet in a vision and tells its story.

The basic scheme is that the words of the poet be sung by the choir, those of the Rood by the solo baritone (or tenor). Exceptions to this are made so that some of the Rood's words are intensified by choral setting.

In the following text (which has been reduced for musical treatment) the choral parts are indicated by being put in italics.

Hark! of a matchless vision would I speak,
Which once I dreamed at midnight, when mankind
At rest were dwelling. Then methought I saw
A wondrous cross extending up on high,
With light encircled, tree of trees most bright.
That beacon was all overlaid with gold;
And near the earth stood precious stones ablaze,
While five more sparkled on the shoulder beam.
A long time lying there I sadly looked
Upon the Saviour's cross, until I heard
Resounding thence a voice. That wood divine
Then spake these words:

It was long, long ago
Yet I recall when, at the forest's edge,
I was hewn down, and from my stem removed.
Resistless were the foes that seized me there,
They fashioned for themselves a spectacle,
Commanded me to bear their criminals;
And on men's shoulders carried me away
Until they set me down upon a hill,
And stayed me fast; my enemies indeed!
Then I beheld the Master of mankind
Approach with lordly courage as if he
Would mount upon me, and I dare not bow
Nor break, opposing the command of God,
Although I saw earth tremble; all my foes
I might have beaten down, yet I stood fast.
Then the young Hero laid his garments by,
He that was God almighty, strong and brave;
And boldly in the sight of all he mounted
The lofty cross, for he would free mankind.
A cross upraised, I lifted a great King,
Lifted the Lord of heaven and dared not bow.
They pierced me with dark nails, and visible
Upon me still are scars, wide wounds of malice
Yet might I injure none among them all.
They mocked us both together; then was I
All wet with blood, which streamed from this Man's side
When he at length had breathed his spirit out.
Many a vile deed I suffered on that mount.
And God of Hosts I saw harshly outstretched,
And darkness hid the body of the King.
With clouds enshrouded its effulgent light;
Forth went a shadow black against the clouds;
And all creation wept, lamented long.
Their King had fallen, Christ was on the cross.
Yet eagerly some hastened from afar
To him who was their Prince; all this I saw.
Ah, then with sorrow was I deeply stirred;
Yet to the hand of men I bowed me down,
Humbly, with ardent zeal. They took him then,
Lifted from his dire pain Almighty God.

The warriors left me standing, swathed in blood,
And with sharp arrows wounded sore was I.
Him they laid gently down, weary of limb,
And stood beside his body at the head,
Gazing upon the Lord of heaven:
While he rested awhile with his great labour spent.
A song of sorrow then for him they sang,
The desolate at eventide when they,
O'erwearied, would depart from their great King.
And so companionless he rested.
Then one began to tell us to the earth
A fearful fate! And in the entombing mold deep buried us.
Yet, undismayed, for me
The friends and followers of the Lord made search
And from out the earth they lifted me,
With silver they adorned me, and with gold.
Now mayest thou know, O hero mine, beloved!
Unutterable sorrows I endured, *base felons' work*.
But now hath come the time
When, far and wide, men on the earth,
And all the glorious universe doth honour me,
And to this beacon bow themselves in prayer.
On me a while suffered the Son of God;
Therefore now full of majesty I tower
High under heaven; and I have the power to heal
All those that do me reverence. Of old was I a punishment,
The cruellest, the most abhorred by men, ere I for man
Had opened the true way of life.
Lo, then the Prince of Glory, Guardian of Heaven,
Above all other trees exalted me,
As he, almighty God, in sight of men
His mother honoured, blessed among women,
Mary herself.
Now, hero mine, beloved,
I bid you tell this vision unto men,
Reveal with words that 'tis the glory tree,
On which almighty God suffered for sin.
But afterwards the Lord from death arose
By his own mighty power, a help for men.
To heaven then ascended, whence he shall come
Once more upon the earth to see mankind
At the last judgment day, the Lord himself,
Almighty God, surrounded by his angels.
And then shall he adjudge to everyone the just reward
Which he on earth, in this short life, has earned.

But need is none
That any at that time shall be afraid who beareth in his heart
The sacred sign; for through the cross alone
Must every soul seek out the kingdom from the earthly way,
Who hopes hereafter with the King to dwell.

Happy in mind I prayed then to the rood
With great devotion, when I was alone without companionship:
My soul within was quickened to depart,
So many years of utter weariness had I delayed.
And now my life's great happiness is this,
That to the cross victorious I may come to worship worthily.
Desire for this
Is great within my heart and all my help must reach me through the rood.
Each day I longing ask:
When will the cross of Christ call me away
From this my transient life, and bring me hence to all delight,
The joyous harmonies of heaven, where sit at feast the folk of God,
And gladness knows no end - so placing me
Where with the saints in glory I may dwell,
Enjoying greatly their glad minstrelsy?
Hope was restored with blessedness and joy
To those who had erewhile endured the fire.
Triumphant in his journey was the Son,
Mighty and prosperous, when he advanced
Into God's Kingdom with a multitude,
A host of souls; when to his angels
Came the almighty Master for their
Joy, to those holy ones in heaven,
Who from the first had dwelt in glory;
When their Ruler came, Almighty God,
Into his fatherland.

REGINA COELI (K. 276)

Mozart

Queen of heaven, rejoice! Praise the Lord.
For He, whom thou didst merit to bear,
has risen, just as He said. Praise the Lord.
Pray for us to God. Praise the Lord.

EXULTATE DEO

Alessandro Scarlatti

Praise our God, ye righteous
Rejoice in the God of Jacob.

CECILIA VIRGO

Peter Phillips

O virgin Cecilia, the whole crowd of
musicians sounds your praises.
And because of your virtues, your
supplications to God shall be heard.
Joining with one voice and one heart
they call on your name.
As you deigned to exchange the grief
of the world for the glory of Paradise
and as virgin you protect your children.
May you be willing to look upon those
who shout in the presence of the Lord
and always say: Holy Cecilia, pray for us.

TWO SONGS FROM THE MÜRIKELIEDERBUCH

Hugo Distler

IT'S SPRING

Spring lets its blue ribbon
flutter again through the air.
Sweet, well-known fragrances
purposefully cross the country-side.
Violets are already dreaming
longing to reappear soon.
Hark! in the distance the sound of harp
Springtime, it is you!
I have greeted you.

THE MOUSETRAP

Tiny guest, tiny house
dear Miss Mouse or Master Mouse
enter boldly
tonight by moonlight!
close the door
tightly behind you
do you hear?
and watch out for you tail!
After mealtime we sing
 we leap
and dance.
Witt! Witt!
And my old cat
will likely dance too!